

**CHART OF PARTICIPATION OF MISSISSIPPI PUBLIC COMMUNITY COLLEGES AND BRANCHES
IN THE ACTIVITIES OF THE MISSISSIPPI COMMUNITY COLLEGE CREATIVE WRITING ASSOCIATION**

COLLEGE OR BRANCH	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10
1. Coahoma		1979	1979							
2. Copiah-Lincoln (Natchez)	1980, 1994	1980-1991	1980-1993	4	8	7	5	24	3	
3. Copiah-Lincoln (Wesson)	1990	1979-1993	1979-1993	17	8	14	35	75	7	3
4. East Central		1993	1979-1980, 1991-1993	1			3	4		1
5. East Mississippi			1980-1984				1	1		
6. Hinds (Raymond)	1981, 1988	1979-1991	1979-1993	10	13	8	18	49	2	1
7. Hinds (Utica)			1979-1984							
8. Holmes (Goodman)	1984	1979-1992	1979-1993	4	4	5	7	20	11	
9. Holmes (Grenada)		1989, 1993	1988-1993	2	6	2	8	18		
10. Holmes (Ridgeland)	1991	1988-1993	1988-1993	5	2	1	10	18	2	
11. Itawamba	1985	1979, 1982-1993	1979, 1982-1993	2	2	4	7	15		
12. Jones County	1993	1980-81, 1988-93	1980-81, 1988-93	1		2	7	10		
13. Meridian	1983	1979-1993	1979-1993	8	9	6	5	28	4	
14. Mississippi Delta	1979, 1989	1979-1993	1979-1993	11	11	17	16	55	4	6
15. MS Gulf Coast (Jackson County)		1985-1988	1985-1993	1			5	6		
16. MS Gulf Coast (Jefferson Davis)	1986	1980-1991	1980-1993	5	4	6	16	31		
17. MS Gulf Coast (Perkinston)		1986-1987, 1993	1986-1987, 1991-93				5	5		
18. Northeast MS	1982, 1992	1979-1993	1979-1993	4	9	6	21	40	4	2
19. Northwest (DeSoto Center)			1989							
20. Northwest (Senatobia)		1979	1979-83, 1985, 1988-1993	2	1		4	7	3	2
21. Pearl River	1987	1980-1993	1980-1993	1	2		10	13	1	2
22. Southwest MS		1990	1984							
TOTALS				79	80	78	183	420	41	17

LEGEND

#1 = YEAR(S) HOSTED
ANNUAL MEETING

#3 = PARTICIPATED IN
COMPETITION

#5 = NUMBER OF SECOND
PLACE WINNERS

#7 = NUMBER OF
HONORABLE MENTIONS

#9 = PLACING IN JOURNAL
COMPETITION

#2 = PARTICIPATED IN
MEETING

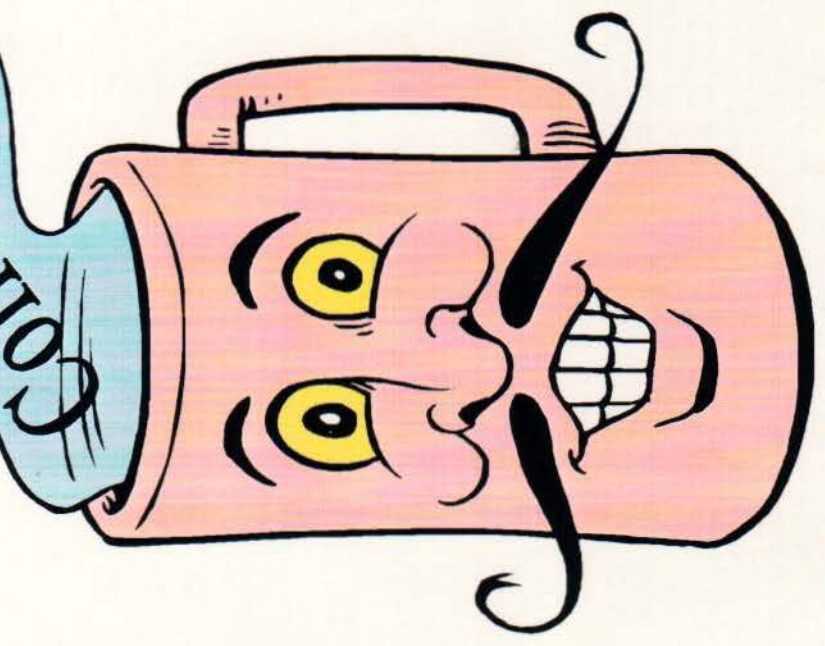
#4 = NUMBER OF FIRST
PLACE WINNERS

#6 = NUMBER OF THIRD
PLACE WINNERS

#8 = TOTAL AWARDS IN
WRITING COMPETITION

#10 = WINNING COVER ANNUAL
DESIGN COMPETITION

Thursday, March 29, 2001



Poetry

World Lit

ECCC

881-5444

Admission to Dr. Linda Lane and her students for making the Coffeehouse truly international.

Marlene Williams
Ricardo Robinson

James Mink
James Miller
Dwayne Humphrey

Eric Martin
Karl Martin
Ella Houston

Thomas Everett
William Cockray
Laurie Bryan

Spring 2000 World Literature II Class Members

End of Program Laura Harrison

Poetry Readings Class Members and Volunteers

Part Two
and text improvisation Geoff Phipps

Interaction Between Programs Collaborators and readers

Part One
Poetry Readings Class Members and Volunteers
Featuring Ovid Vickers

Short Works Laura Harrison
Before the Program Begins Collaborators and readers

2001 World Literature Poetry Coffeehouse
Thursday, March 29, 2001

Program for

**Program for
2001 World Literature Poetry Coffeehouse
Thursday, March 29, 2001**

Before the Program Begins Cappuccino and snacks
Short Welcome Laura Hammons
Part One
Poetry Readings . . . Class Members and Volunteers
Featuring Ovid Vickers
Intermission Between Programs . . . Cappuccino and snacks
and jazz Improvisation Scott Popec
Part Two
Poetry Readings . . . Class Members and Volunteers
End of Program Laura Hammons

Spring 2000 World Literature II Class Members

Leslie Bryan
Wileen Cooksey
Melissa Everett
Rhonda Everett
Ellis Harrison
Keri Henley
Eric Horton
Dwayne Humphrey
Jamie Miller
Jessica Monk
Ricardo Robinson
Marcus Williams

*Many thanks to Dr. Linda Lane and her students for making
this coffeehouse truly international.*

ECCC Poetry Coffeehouse

Creative Writing Class of 2005

Thursday, April 28, 2005

6:00—7:00 P.M.

Newton Hall—Room 60

Welcome.....	Carol Shackelford
A Limerick of Bios.....	The Class
Making a Hit—a one-act play by Rose Kelly.....	Allie Burton Brad Cook Cade Parsons Richard Stevens
Sand Figures—free verse--.....	Jessica Stevens
The Agony of Defeat—a descriptive personal essay.....	Brad Cook
Losing Freedom in Prejudice—philosophy in modern poetry	Rose Kelly
Would She Live—a descriptive personal narrative--.....	Shannon Wallace
Opening Umbrellas—folklore--.....	Courtnee Graham
Passing Clouds—free verse.....	Teresa Savell
Accept Me—a dramatic monologue--.....	
A Southern Thing—folklore--.....	Jennifer Cleveland
how bout it—a poem--.....	Cade Parsons
An Ode to My Parents—a narrative poem--.....	Shelia Loper
Murder—a dramatic monologue--.....	
The Phalanx Communion—free verse--.....	Misty Smith
Battle—a narrative poem--.....	Richard Stevens
The Mirror of My Soul—free verse--.....	Allie Burton
“A Diary...”—a reading by a former creative writing student--	Brett Bennett
Closing Remarks.....	Carol Shackelford



ECCC

MPVF-188

Poetry Coffeehouse

Presented

By

The Creative Writing Class
East Central Community College

01 May 2008

Welcome
Carol Shackelford

Lessons Learned [personal essay]
Tricia Vasquez

Sabrina [free verse]
Angela Pires

Carla and the Crayon [a child's story]
Kristen May (writer and illustrator)

Never [quatrain]
Chris Clark

Ultimate Decision [personal essay]
Sermantha Clark

Only for a Little While [free verse]
Carmen Ezell

A Woman Can Do Everything... [dramatic monologue]
Anthony Williams

Darkness and Tears [tanka]
Hannah McCloud

Welcome Home [free verse]
Tharin McNichols

The Turkey Hunt [personal essay]
Beth Alexander

Menopausal Love [free verse]
Amber Griffin

The Eight Ball Assassination [one-act play]
Readers

Sandra Whitman, Whitney Lott, Anthony Williams
Antwain Trotter, Tharin McNichols and Angela Pires

My Tears [free verse]
Ashley Jordan

Freddy's Enormous Red Shoe [child's story]
Myrial Brown

Gift [sonnet]
Megan Gibson

Whitney L. [free verse]
Whitney Lott

Valentine Fear [sonnet]
Antwain Trotter

My High [free verse]
Cherith Wooten

Hailey's Church Song [child's story]
Kass Sharp

Closing Remarks
Anthony Williams

MAVF-198

ECCC

The East Central Tale



A Project of
Honors English Literature I

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The Pastor's Prologue

By: Amy Boatner

A local pastor was taking his young people to a youth camp. The camp was about 250 miles away; therefore, he felt inclined to tell his young people a story to help pass the time. He was a small man who wore red suspenders and black cowboy boots. He was a very animated story-teller and a very dynamic preacher. The youth of his church respected him greatly for they knew that he lived what he preached.

"The Pastor's Tale"

Long ago, on a cold, snowy winter's night, a family of four warmed themselves around the fireplace of a small cottage. In this family were an old man, his daughter, and his twin grandsons, Daniel and Jake. The twins were identical in their appearance; however, no two people on earth were more diverse in personality.

Daniel was a very optimistic person. Jake, on the other hand, had a pessimistic attitude most of the time. Daniel loved to read. Jake did not see the benefits of reading when he could be doing something more constructive. Daniel had a love for music and painting. Jake was good with his hands and built many things. He also loved to hunt.

As the Biblical twins Jacob and Esau, they had "struggled in the womb" and had never gotten along well.

Daniel walked to the window. "The snow is so beautiful. I can't wait to see what the grounds will look like in the morning. I think I'll try to capture the landscape on canvas."

"You're crazy! We'll be snowed in for sure! I hate snow! I hate winter," Jake replied.

Needless to say, this was just their typical conversation. Mother and grandfather just sighed and went to bed.

By morning, the snow had piled up in such a way that everyone knew that Jake had been right. However, Daniel still made the most of it. While Jake dug a trail to the supply of wood near the house, Daniel set up his easel and canvas and began painting.

Jake was somewhat perturbed by this. "Don't you ever do anything besides paint, read, and sing? Why don't you help me bring in some firewood?" Daniel replied, "Some people desire more for themselves than living like a Neanderthal and never learning anything!" "Fine! You, then, may freeze to death with your painting while we stay warm like good little Neanderthals!" At this, Daniel reconsidered and carried some firewood into the cottage. However, he immediately returned to his painting.

Meanwhile, Jake was busy working on his latest project, building bear traps. He was a very successful hunter and he always made his own traps. Under his grandfather's instruction, he had even built his own rifle, of which he was very proud.

As the snow kept piling up, it became obvious that soon they would not be able to leave the cottage at all. Grandfather instructed the twins to make preparations for their time of incarceration.

At sunrise, the twins rolled out of bed and put on their warmest clothing. Jake gathered his traps and his rifle, while Daniel grabbed the ax and a shovel. Daniel cleared a path through the deepest parts of the snow. "Why don't you leave those cruel bear traps at the cottage and grab a shovel? You'll never catch a bear! You'll have to shoot one!"

"Oh don't be such a cry-baby! If you can't handle the shovel then let me do it," Jake retorted.

With that, Daniel shoveled even harder until they reached the woods. "Stop shoveling now," said Jake. "While I go and set my traps, you begin chopping the wood."

As Jake left, Daniel's emotions were raging within. Not only had Jake insulted him before, but also he had ordered him around as if he were a stupid child. He resolved to teach his brother a lesson by leaving him to do all the work alone.

However, before dusk began to settle, Daniel felt sorry for his actions and went back to help Jake. Daniel again made his way to where Jake was busy gathering wood into several huge piles. "I'm sorry I left you." "Are you going to help me or stand there apologizing?"

The day drew to a close with no bear in the traps, but a great supply of wood that would last most of the winter. When night fell, the family was again assembled around the fire. Daniel spoke. "I'm really sorry about leaving you with all of the work today, Jake." "It's okay, really. I know I get pushy sometimes. I'm sorry too!"

The next day, Jake went out again to check his traps, while Daniel finished his painting. It was obvious that this would be their last day to walk outside the cottage.

Around the mid-afternoon, Daniel heard a shot from Jake's gun. He hurried to help him with his kill. They struggled and somehow managed to drag the bear up the trail. Jake was pulling and walking backward, while Daniel was pushing forward.

As they neared the cabin, Jake stumbled over the easel and Daniel's painting fell into the snow. "Oh no! My painting! I can't believe you did that! All because of this stupid bear! Now it's ruined!" "I'm so sorry, Daniel," Jake said. Daniel stomped off and left Jake to finish the task himself.

As everyone gathered around the fire that night, Jake again tried to apologize. "Forget it," Daniel said. "I don't even want to discuss it. I had worked so hard on that. I just can't forgive you right now."

Grandfather just shook his head. Jake went to his room. Silence prevailed for the rest of the night.

When daylight arrived, they could see that snow had piled so high that they couldn't open the door. However, they had plenty of wood and food to survive.

As the days passed, tensions between the twins grew. Because Daniel had not forgiven Jake for his small accident, a seed of hatred grew until the brothers barely even spoke to one another.

Finally, grandfather spoke. "My son," he said to Daniel, "let me tell you a story from the Bible. A king was collecting debts from his servants. A servant who owed him millions of dollars was brought before him. 'Please have mercy on me! I don't have the money. Please let my family and me live!' The king had compassion on the servant and forgave him all his debt. Afterward, the servant found a man who owed him about forty dollars. 'Pay me now! If you don't I'll put you into prison,' he warned. The man could not pay him so he was thrown into prison. When the king heard this, he was very angry with the servant. 'I forgave you your debt, yet you didn't have mercy on the man for his very small debt. Therefore, you and your family shall be thrown into prison!'"

"Grandfather, I understand. Thank you for caring enough to help me see my mistake. Jake forgave me for intentionally leaving him to do piles of work. He barely even fussed. However, I have been holding a grudge against him for a simple mistake."

"Forgiveness is essential for life, Daniel. You must forgive as you have been forgiven," said grandfather.

Finally, Daniel asked Jake for his forgiveness.

Tragedy in Paradise
by: Jeremy Brown
Peasants tale

Once upon a time there was a peaceful kingdom in a far away land known as Mendenesia. Mendenesia abounded with lush green valleys and a solitary mountain range. King Robert ruled this pristine place with a firm but gentle hand. He was tall and very handsome with twinkling black eyes, but ruled his kingdom alone. His beloved queen had died giving birth to his beautiful daughter, Princess Caroline. The princess was the joy of the kingdom for her kindness and radiant spirit. She was delicate and slight of frame with golden hair. Horses were her one passion. Daily she could often be seen giving the peasant children rides in the green meadows on her magnificent, chestnut steed, Peppy. Everyone in the kingdom was always happy, except for the evil Count Beureguard. Having been burned as a child, his face bore a hideous scar along his left cheek. He was deeply in love with the princess and became insanely jealous every time he saw the princess speaking to anyone. She hardly ever acknowledged his presence in or out of the castle, not even with a nod or a smile. The count also wanted the kingdom, which could only be his if the princess would marry him.

One day, the princess was out enjoying the warm spring air with her favorite companion, Peppy. Caroline was terribly impulsive and would ride too far from the castle unescorted. On this particular day she had ridden along the main road and happened upon a group of visitors seeking the castle for an audience with the king. Among the visitors was a handsome coachman. Princess Caroline dropped her rein while giving directions to the castle. The coachman leapt deftly from the back of the coach and retrieved the rein for the princess. As he handed her the rein his hand brushed hers and she graced him with a beautiful smile.

Nearby, Count Beaureguard was watching the chance encounter between the princess and the coachman. He instantly became enraged. He had been following her since she left the safety of the castle walls. To see her touched, even casually, by a man was more than his shallow mind could tolerate. Each time she stopped to converse with the peasant children on the road or with the women as they hung their wash, he would clench his teeth from sheer jealousy.

The princess rode further and further from the castle. The count decided to make his presence known and rode out of the trees and covered the distance between them at a steady gallop. Riding up to keep pace beside her, he bid her good-day. Being repulsed by his insincere greeting and cruel handling of his horse, she ignored him and urged Peppy into a full gallop. He began to give chase. Becoming distressed at his pursuit, Princess Caroline left the road. The path was very rough and forced her to slow her pace to prevent injuring her horse. The count was cruel and urged his mount to continue galloping in pursuit. With his cape flapping in the wind, he appeared as the "grim reaper" in pursuit of his next victim. He quickly overtook her. As he rode along side her, he reached out and grabbed her around her slender waist and lifted her from the saddle. When the reins grew

slack, Peppy veered off into the forest to avoid crashing into the count's mount. The count's cape caught on the pommel of her saddle and was torn as the stallion dashed away.

Once the object of his desire was in his grasp, the count was at a loss as to what to do. Caroline's cries for mercy fell on deaf ears. In the course of their ride, they had ridden deep into the darkest regions of the forest. He declared his love for her and begged her to wed him as they rode through the forest. The princess denied his affection and vowed to die rather than marry him. The count firmly grasped Caroline in front of him in the saddle and continued to ride. They began to ascend the mountain along a little worn path when they came upon a deeply recessed cave. The count quickly dismounted and drug the princess into the dark cave. He was furious and tied her securely with the remains of his torn cape. He vowed "If I can not have you, no man will!" He left her alone in the deep, dark cave and returned to the castle.

Caroline's faithful mount retraced his steps and returned to the stables at the castle. When the grooms found him winded, lathered, and without his rider, the king was alerted that the princess was missing. The king was devastated and feared the worse for his precious daughter. A proclamation was issued that a reward would be given to anyone with information on the princess. Several children told of seeing the princess along the road that day but did not see her return to the castle. When there seemed to be no clue, a hunter came forth. He had seen two riders on a single horse in the deepest area of the forest. He was under secure cover and was able to see the riders quite clearly. He told the king the two riders were Princess Caroline and Count Beauregard! A groom produced a scrap of cloth that had been clinging to the pommel of Caroline's saddle. The fabric was recognized as the riding cloak of the count. The king was furious that anyone in his court would bring harm to the princess and ordered the count to be summoned. The count, a true coward at heart, realized he was found out and was returning to the cave to free the princess.

The terrified princess sat huddled in the deep, dark cave trying to loosen her bonds. Bound at wrist and ankle, she was forced to lie on her side on the damp floor of the cave. She wiggled one wrist free and quickly untied her ankles. After being tied for several hours, she found it difficult to stand. Carefully, she worked her way toward the mouth of the cave and into the evening air. While trying to determine her next course of action, she heard the approach of someone on horseback. Before she could find cover, the count entered the clearing in front of her. She began to run blindly through the forest as the count dismounted and pursued her on foot. She was so intent upon escaping him, she did not heed his calls to stop. As she ran through the deep section of the brush, looking back to determine how close her pursuer was. She never saw the cliff as her slivered feet cleared the edge....

The moral of this story is: "Always look before you leap!"

The Hermit's Tale Prologue

by: Richard Edwards

Tully Pryne was an old hermit that lived on the outskirts of a small town in the middle of a desert. Many people believed that Pryne was somewhat of a mystic or old wizard, for he was very strange and eccentric. He was also very, very old. Some people believed that he was over five hundred years old! He was very short with a head full of white hair and a long beard to match. He was often seen wandering around the desert digging into the ground or collecting the remains of a dead animal. It was rumored that centuries ago, he once was a noble gentleman who had fallen in love with a peasant girl. Knowing that he could not marry from a lower class, he became heart broken. Pryne took on the disguise of a lowly blacksmith so that he could meet the girl. Eventually, the two did meet and fall in love, only to have Pryne's real identity found out. The peasant girl was taken prisoner and eventually died in prison. Pryne was outcast from the kingdom. For this, people believe, he has been cursed to roam the desert forever, alone.

The Hermit's Tale

In Greek mythology, the Muses were the nine goddesses and daughters of Zeus and of Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory. The Muses presided over all the arts and sciences. They were thought to have inspired all artists, especially poets, philosophers, and musicians. Calliope was the Muse of epic poetry, Clio of history, Euterpe of lyric poetry, Melpomene of tragedy, Terpsichore of choral songs and dance, Erato of love poetry, Polyhymnia of sacred poetry, Urania of astronomy, and Thalia of comedy.

Contrary to belief, there was a tenth Muse. Lustinia was the Muse of the heart. She was the most beautiful of all the Muses, and some say of many other goddesses. Like her sister, Lustinia's purpose was to inspire men in their accomplishments. However, while her nine sisters inspired men in the areas of art, music and science, Lustinia gave men the powerful emotions of the heart that helped to drive men to complete their works.

The Muses lived on Mount Olympus in Helicon. They sat near the throne of Zeus, the King of the Gods, and sang of his greatness and of the origin of the world and of man. Each Muse would wait to be called upon by someone for inspiration. Upon their need, each Muse would descend upon earth to the aid of the mortal in need.

Lustinia was sitting on the east side of Olympus one day, watching the clouds down below. As she sat there, she began to think about all the centuries that had passed and all the great men that she had helped to inspire.

"Surely there must be more to do than this," she thought. For the first time, Lustinia had started to become somewhat tired of her duties.

Many weeks passed. With each day, Lustinia's feelings of boredom grew stronger and stronger. One day, she was called upon by a brilliant young artist in a small village down below. Enid, the artist, was about to begin on what would soon be his life's

greatest work. During that night, while he slept, Lustinia traveled down to the mortal lands. She quietly crept through his bedroom window and stood at the foot of his bed. Careful not to awaken the artist, she slowly approached him. As Lustinia stared at Enid's face she was taken aback. Never before in the eons of her existence had she beheld a mortal man as beautiful as he. She stood there silently in awe for so long that she almost did not notice that the sun was rising. Knowing she had to leave, she quickly bent down and kissed his forehead and then vanished.

That morning, Enid awoke from what seemed to be an eternal dream. There was a new and strange feeling within him. He sat down to paint, and as he did so an image of a woman came to his mind. Although not quite clear, he set to work to begin to paint a portrait of the mysterious lady.

For the next several nights, Lustinia continued to come to his bedside. She would sit there for hours on end. Sometimes she would run her fingers through his hair or caress his face, all the while being very careful not to awaken him.. Some nights she would even sing to him stories of heroes, romance and love, Every morning when she left, she became very sad and almost lonely—something a Muse is not accustomed to.

As the days progressed, the painter worked feverishly to complete his portrait of the woman. Soon his work completely encompassed his. As time went by, he finally finished the picture. He took a moment to gaze upon the unknown face and realized that the woman was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Immediately he fell in love with the lady he has never even met or even knew really existed.

At the same time, Lustinia sat up in Helicon, dreaming of Enid. She had never had such feelings for a mortal before. In fact, Muses were not supposed to. They were only to inspire, not to feel, much less love. Lustinia knew she must be careful, for if Zeus or any other god were to become aware of her feelings, she would be severely punished. It was against immortal law to have any feelings for humans, much less feelings of love and desire. As time went by, Lustinia grew more and more attracted to the young painter. So much that she knew she had to see him. Many nights passed where she would lie sleepless along the edge of the village., She would lie there wanting so much to with Enid, But also knowing the consequences should she choose to do so. Lustinia soon could not stand it any longer. She had to see Enid.

That night, Lustinia traveled once more to the bedroom of the artist. As she reached don to his face, he awoke and stared in wonder at the sight before him. Enid immediately recognized that she was the beautiful vision he had fallen in love with. She leaned forward and allowed herself to be kissed by Enid. Just then a thunderous voice seem to come from all around. Zeus appeared in front of them, along with her other nine sisters.

"You have broken an immortal law and allowed yourself to succumb to mortal love. There is no other choice but punishment. For his you will be banished forever from the realms of the gods," Zeus spoke.

With that Lustinia disappeared from the arms of Enid.

Enid cried in protest," That not just. You can't take her away!"

Zeus thought for a moment and spoke," Yes, you are right. From this day forward her spirit will live on as a reminder in the hearts of all men."

And so she does as the temptation of **lust** lives on within man even now.

JOEY LANG'S TALE

PROLOGUE

By: Joey Lang

The hero of the tale, Sir Edgar of Dunnigan, is not a self-made man. Though already brave, daring, and worthy to be called a knight, Sir Edgar owes his true power to a being called the Trinilite, a creature that stands like a man with the head of a lion and the body of a lamb. Edgar asked the Trinilite for great power in order to defeat a Demon that was terrorizing his homeland. The Trinilite granted Edgar the strength of one thousand strong men, the speed of one thousand cheetahs, and the wisdom of one thousand wise men. Also, Edgar received a suit of armor made from dragon's hide and a sword forged from the fang of the Trinilite.

Because Edgar possessed such great power, he became independent of others. He felt that he could accomplish anything by himself. The Trinilite saw this and knew it would hinder Edgar's mission, so he demanded to see Edgar before he left for the Demon's lair. Thus, the six-foot figure known as Sir Edgar of Dunnigan stands in the cave of the Trinilite as the tale begins.

JOEY LANG'S TALE

"Sir Edgar," the Trinilite spoke, "your mission will not be an easy one. Many tasks lie before you."

Sir Edgar interrupted, "You have given me great power, Trinilite. I am confident that I can defeat this Demon and anything else that lies in my path."

"Pride goes before the fall, Sir Knight. You have adequate power to pass the challenges of the forest. But, take care. To defeat the Demon, you must--"

"With all this power, I will defeat the Demon. Thank you, Trinilite. I am off to do battle, now." Sir Edgar turned and left the cave.

By and by, Sir Edgar came to the magical forest where his true journey would begin. The forest was beautifully enticing. A strange, warm glow emanated from somewhere inside, inviting any passer-by to enter the forest. However, any who entered, never returned. Edgar, fully aware of this fact, entered the forest, fully intending to be the first one to come back.

As Edgar marched toward the Demon's cave, he came across three women who were standing in front of a tree. The first approached him. She was beautiful, the most beautiful, alluring woman he had ever seen. She offered to be his wife if he would come with her. However, she was very poor. The second woman, old and wrinkled, came and made the same offer. But, she was rich. The third, every bit as beautiful as the first, made the same offer. She was holding a purse that was so full of gold that even the outside glowed. But, her heart was full of hate.

Edgar answered them, "Indeed you have tempted me; I am only human. But, I know your true desires. You'll not dissuade me from my journey."

As Edgar progressed, he came to a bridge. As he crossed the bridge, three trolls sprang from beneath.

"Youse cain't crauss bridge!" a troll hissed.

"I'll be the judge of that."

The trolls rushed Edgar, who met them eagerly and readily. The first, he killed with his sword. The next, he merely tossed into the stream beneath. After recasing his sword, he ripped the third troll apart with his bare hands.

Well," Edgar spoke, "I know strength isn't everything, but it helps."

So, Edgar moved on toward his destination. As he grew closer, he came to a strange pit. Many cries of pain and torture sounded from its depths. Suddenly, a floating triangle appeared in front of Edgar.

It spoke, "This is the pit of the tortured souls, those who could not escape the forest. If you answer my riddle, you and all these may go free. If you fail, you will join them in eternal despair."

Edgar heard their cries and was moved with compassion. "I'll answer the riddle."

"Of these three: wealth, power, love; which is the most valued among all men?"

Edgar pondered this for some time. Finally, he said, "All men are different and have different desires. Therefore, your question has no answer."

"You have answered wisely. These may go free. Continue on this path and you will find the Demon's lair. Good luck, Sir Knight."

The forest grew dark as Sir Edgar approached the Demon's cave. Birds scattered, the winds blew fiercely, and the sun fled as the Demon emerged from his cave. He was red, twelve feet in height; his eyes were black, and he had a black jewel in the middle of his forehead.

The Demon spoke, "I am the Demon Baaroon, and you are dead."

Sir Edgar wielded his sword across the waist of Baaroon. The blade did no damage. Edgar threw down his sword and punched the laughing Demon, also with no effect. Baaroon picked Edgar up and threw him against a nearby tree. Edgar scrambled

to his feet, perplexed as to why he could not hurt Baaroon. He glanced into the thicket and saw the Trinilite.

"Trinilite, why can I not hurt him?" Edgar asked.

"As I tried to tell you back in my cave, to defeat the Demon, you must stab your sword through the jewel in his head. Then, and only then, will Baaroon die."

Sir Edgar ran to his sword, picked it up, and leapt up to Baaroon's head. With all his might, Edgar struck the death blow to the Demon that had for so long plagued his land.

Trinilite approached Edgar. "You have done well, Sir Knight."

"How so? I could not defeat him alone."

"True, but you realized that you could not prevail alone, even with all of your power. Your arrogance was almost your downfall. As I said, pride goes before the fall."

So, we see that no matter how prepared we think we are to face life, we can never do it alone. A person who feels that he can turn to no one is a sad person indeed, always doomed to failure. That is why friendship is the ultimate thing. We never have to face our perils alone.

THIS ENDS JOEY LANG'S TALE

From Rags to Riches
By : Michelle Li Lee

In the city of Boston, Massachusetts, there dwelt a young couple wealthy couple by the names of Jack and Donna Feraldo. Jack was a successful independent real estate agent and Donna owned a flourishing catering business.

Jack and Donna had met in college. They married right out of college and immediately began to pursue their careers with fervor. They were both from upper-middle class families and they each held high ambitions of achieving wealth and prestige in their pursuit of happiness.

Donna and Jack surrounded themselves with luxuries. They lived in a posh apartment in downtown Boston. When Donna's catering business took off, and Jack made a name for himself in the real estate business, they began to acquire the things they needed for a happy, successful lifestyle- things like expensive furniture and pieces of art to make for an impressive looking home, sporty vehicles, clothing with the most expensive labels, and all the other luxuries that Donna and Jack felt a successful couple like themselves should have.

Quite naturally, all of Jack's and Donna's time and energy were consumed in their constant efforts to live this wealthy life and to constantly upgrade. They worked hard, all of the time, to make more so they could afford more.

The Feraldo's made it a point to host many lavish social gatherings. This, they felt was a necessity in their effort to network with people who could be of benefit to their businesses, and it also allowed them a "proper" standing in Boston's social circle.

Donna and Jack were quite proud of their accomplishments and belongings. They were the envy of many. What more was there, that they did not have? One day, when they had the time, they would start a family and their children would have the best of everything, also; the best clothing, the best day-care and nannies, the best schools, and everything else that their money could buy for them.

Well, it may be hard to believe that a couple so astute could be duped by a common criminal...but, it happens. The worst of all things bad the Feraldo's could fathom happened. They lost all their money. Their long-time accountant turned out to be a crooked embezzler. The crook took all the Feraldo's money and skipped the country. Misfortune followed more misfortune when Jack fell ill. He had been nursing an ulcer among other stress-related ailments for some time now but had been unwilling to slow down his work long enough to tend to his health properly, and his health deteriorated rapidly upon their financial devastation. To make matters worse, Jack, being an independent agent, did not have the insurance to cover the costs of his needed medical attention. Donna, in a panic, insisted on taking care of Jack and eventually, she was forced to sell her catering business for far less than its worth.

Naturally, Jack and Donna had to give up their expensive home. They had both been born to small families and in their time of misfortune, the Feraldos only had Donna's mother to call on. There had been a money rift in Jack's family and consequently the family had not been on speaking terms for many years. Donna had only her mother left on her side, and although they had always shared an amicable relationship, Donna had made few efforts to stay in close contact over the years being that she had made her job her first priority.

Still, Donna's gracious mother was more than happy to help her daughter and son-in-law out and she insisted that they abide with her in her humble, New Hampshire home.

One can just imagine the rumors and talk about the Feraldos among the people in Boston that had been acquainted with Donna and Jack.

On the passing of five years, a woman named Ann, whom had employed Donna's catering services on a number of occasions, was driving through New Hampshire on a business trip. Ann stopped at a local book store/coffee shop to relax and to her surprise, spotted her old acquaintance, Donna, there.

Jack, Donna and Donna's mother had together come up with the idea of the bookstore/coffee shop and had implemented it. It was a successful little place that afforded them a decent living.

Donna invited Ann to join her for lunch, and the two of them talked at length. Eventually Ann told Donna how terribly sorry she had felt for her and Jack. To Ann's surprise, Donna just shook her head and laughed. Donna said she did not know if Ann would believe it or not, but that their so-called "misfortune", was the best thing that ever happened to them. She went on to explain that at first, she and Jack had been quite despondent over their financial devastation. But when they had moved out to her mother's home, and actually had time with one another, they began to appreciate each other and their relationship so much more. They became close to Donna's mother, also. There was the most tremendous relief of stress, tension, and worries, that they were so accustomed to they had not even realized it as something unnatural. Most importantly, they had come to see relationships and people as being of far more value than anything they could possibly attain with money. Without their constant busyness and worries over work and money, their minds and spirits had been set free to concentrate on matters of much higher importance and to grow in a direction that truly did pursue happiness.

It is hard to say whether Ann comprehended what Donna had tried to convey. It made no difference to Donna. The Feraldos' happiness was genuine.

The Teacher's Tale
Prologue
by Lana Lohrer

"Now I've got a story to tell 'ya, I do," said the teacher, "And everyone of ya could benefit from it if you'd listen. 'Cause I've taught people for long enough years that I know your natures. Children are the most sinful creatures God put on the earth. They have no consciences. They just do, do, do what you don't want them to, and they do exactly the opposite of what you do want them to. Lord knows I've tried to instill a bit of knowledge and wisdom into 'em to settle 'em down. But they're wilder than March Hares anyway. The world'd be pretty near clear of sin if there weren't any children around. Anyway, I'm going to tell you a story about meekness and gentleness because those are they virtues the Lord Jesus holds dear. And I know everyone of you need a little more of both of 'em. So here it is."

The Tale

Everyone knows that rabbits are the gentlest creatures. They don't attack other animals. They don't cause a lot of noise. They certainly don't push and shove. They always say "please" and "thank you." They are very punctual. Rabbits even keep their tempers perfectly under control.

In one particular forest, there was a community of rabbits that lived in the center of the woods. Now, in this community, there was one little rabbit that was even more meek and gentle than all the others. He hardly ever spoke, but when he did, it was only niceties of the kindest manner. He sat still for many hours just listening to the other rabbits tell him about who they saw so-and-so hopping around with, or who was rubbing noses behind the oak tree a day ago. He always helped the elderly rabbits carry their grass or carrots. He tended the baby rabbits for their mothers. He helped other animals as well. When the deer with the spotted eye got tangled in a vine, the little rabbit chewed right through it to let the deer go. He would point out to the birds right where the best worms were under the grass. He even helped the moles dig tunnels. He did all these things with an unfaltering smile. Not once did he complain.

It so happened that one day the little rabbit was watching the butterflies practice their dances in the meadow when a man appeared on the edge of the trees. The man stopped for a moment and scanned the meadow. The butterflies fluttered away but the little rabbit just looked at the man. When the man saw the little rabbit, he fumbled for his gun which was on his back. The little rabbit realized that the man was a hunter. He began to step lightly towards the hunter, however. When the man looked up, he was amazed! The rabbit was moving towards him! It wasn't scared at all! He took aim at the rabbit. He watched it as it watched him, never slowing its advance. He willed himself to pull the trigger, but he just couldn't. He tried again. He still could not make his hand pull the trigger. He lowered the rifle just as the little rabbit came to rest not two feet in front of him. It just sat there staring at him. The hunter didn't quite know what to do. He finally reached down and picked the rabbit up by the ears. The little creature didn't even flinch. The hunter was astonished! He almost could have sworn the thing was

smiling! He thought to himself, "Oh well. When I get home, I'll cook this rabbit up for my dinner." He walked about three miles back to his tiny cabin. When he got inside he set the rabbit on the table. He went to sharpen his knife. When he returned, the little rabbit hadn't moved an inch! Still, it sat there looking at him. The hunter noticed how content the little thing looked. He decided to have potato stew that night instead. "I'll save the rabbit until Sunday. Then I'll have a one man feast!" he thought. He decided to put the rabbit in a box so that it wouldn't get away in the night while he slept. After he had been in bed about fifteen minutes, he was startled by something on the bed. The rabbit had gotten loose and was sitting at the foot of the bed, intently watching the man. The hunter thought, "This silly animal doesn't know what it's doing. I'll put a lid on the box to keep it in this time." So he did. Fifteen minutes later, the rabbit jumped on the bed again. Once more the man put it back into the box, this time he stacked pots on the lid to weight it down. Sure enough, fifteen minutes went by and the little rabbit was back on the bed. This time the man gave up. "Let it sit there. It can't get out of the house anyway," he thought. The next morning the man got up and did his morning rituals. He dressed, cooked, and ate. All the time, the little rabbit hopped quietly along after him. "Let it hop it if wants to. After Sunday it'll be gone anyway," the hunter said. That day, the hunter had a store of wood out beside his house to be chopped. When he started to leave the rabbit tried to follow. "No, little guy," said the hunter, "You can't get out. I've got to keep you until Sunday. You stay inside." So he locked the door and began to walk to the wood pile. He hadn't gone ten steps when he realized that the little rabbit was hopping along beside him. The hunter froze so as not to frighten the animal away. He slowly reached toward the rabbit. The rabbit didn't so much as move. It let the hunter grab its ears and take it back inside. "Crazy varmit! I don't know how you got out," the hunter said as he walked back to the wood pile. Before he could pick up his ax however, the rabbit was back at his feet. "Fine! If you want to come out here, come on! But you'd better not run off! I've got a feast in mind for Sunday!" So all day the little rabbit followed the hunter everywhere he went. The hunter began to talk to himself and soon he was talking to the rabbit. He told the little rabbit about how he had lived in the forest alone for over twenty years. He only saw other people once a month when he went into the city to buy supplies. "I used to have a cousin in the city that would come and eat with me sometimes," said the hunter, "She got married and has kids of her own now so I don't see her anymore, though." He began to tell the little rabbit how the wilderness made him feel alive and peaceful. "You know little one," he said, "I've got a pretty good idea of what Eden was like. All the plants and animals. Adam had it made! The only thing he needed was a pal and God gave him Eve for that." He talked on and on about this and that until it was time for bed. "I might as well let you up on the bed, rabbit. You're going to get up here anyhow." So the rabbit slept on the bed all night.

The next few days went the same. The little rabbit just listened and smiled while the hunter talked. At night he slept peacefully at the hunter's feet.

When Sunday came around, the hunter said, "Today's the day, rabbit." He picked the little rabbit up and took it outside. He held it on a stump and raised his ax. The little rabbit, as usual, just looked at the hunter, almost smiling. It never flinched. "Dad blast it!" said the hunter, "I just can't do it! You just look at me as if you're saying, 'You do what you need to. I love you and forgive you.' And I just can't do it!" So the hunter

took the rabbit back into the cabin. He and the rabbit stayed together day in and out. Because of the rabbit's gentle, meek nature, he had conquered even the heart of the hunter and they lived the rest of their days out as pals.

The Mascot's Prologue
by: Gabriel D. Miller

On a deserted stretch of road a dilapidated mini-bus sat. A squad of board cheerleaders there-in sat awaiting the arrival of help. Among the cheerleaders sat a lonely mascot. A man of humor and ego, or as he would say, "the two greatest attributes of a mascot. He sat in the back grinning to himself as the chicken heads groaned aloud and the chicken butts reenacted their favorite episodes of Bevis and Butthead. It was a knowing smile on his face. "Hush now and let me tell you a tale of a man and his fall. A man betrayed by his love for a woman. A story to prove that any man can be destroyed by love."

The Mascot's Tale

Now gather around fellow travelers and let me spin you a tale of romance and tragedy. Of course sometimes they seem the same. Any how, on with my story.

On the distant plane of Valhalla sat Fenris and his son. Fenris, a ferocious beast, pulled and tugged at his chain as he had done for many a century. His son on the other hand stared onto Earth and watched a beautiful maiden go about her business. How he wished he could be down there with her. All he could think of was having her love for his own, but why would she love a beast like him. His body was covered in fur, his teeth were long, and his face warped into the image of a half human being, half wolf visage. Not quite a wolf, not quite a man was he.

The son of Fenris had only one path to follow to reach his dream of having the fair maiden. That path was to plead to Odin for help. The Son of Fenris left his father's side and traveled to Odin's Castle. Where in he met with the great god. He told Odin of his dream in his most pleading and pitiful voice. And with great consideration Odin granted the Son of Fenris's wish to travel to Earth as a human. There he could meet the object of his affections. Only on one condition though; The spell of human appearance would be broken if the son of Fenris ever released his rage upon the Earth as his father had done before. The warning fell on deaf ears, for the Son of Fenris was so overjoyed by the fact that he had gotten his wish that he did not listen.

Odin then sent the wolf in human clothes down to Earth where he met the Daughter of Eve that he so desired. The Son of Fenris was now handsome and the Daughter of Eve was very attracted to him, but she did not share the same love back as the wolf did. His love had struck him blind to the fact that he was not the one for her.

It was a dark and dreary day when the Son of Fenris saw his love with a son of Adam. Rage boiled within him uncontrolled. The beast pulled itself free from its human shell.

Once again in his true beast form. Odin rushed to pull the rampaging beast back to Valhalla but it was too late. The beast had ripped into the couple before he could stop him.

Now Fenris and his son tug on their chains. The taste of blood is now the only memory they have of their stay on Earth.

The Tale of Goodfoote
Prologue
By Jacqueline Moore

Once, long ago, there dwelt Goodfoote, a laborer In a white efficiency apartment on the second floor. This man of which I tell this tale lived close but outside the college-town veil. Tall shrubs and great trees of oak and pine Gave to him privacy and shade just fine. During autumn's crisp mornings one could hear The scampering of squirrels on the roof so clear. Of the one whom I speak, let it be known That he was a just man, if truth's seeds be sown. In accordance to his God, he lived his life And tried to do good through all of the strife. A hard worker always, and up by early dawn, Complain he would not, if one walked on his lawn. A person as jovial I have yet to meet, But to him, humor itself is no great feat. A large grin of white teeth he wore; Pleasant, he was hard to ignore. Philosophies and writings were to him a passion. He, with his circle of friends as was the fashion, Met at the old Trolio's Bar periodically To discuss these philosophies methodically. There, around midnight, my tale begins In the coldest of all the seasons.

From the chilly air of the street, The hooded one chanced upon the meet. Entering Trollo's and walking through the haze, The stranger made his way through the maze. Meanwhile as Goodfoote sat conversing, The jazz musicians were rehearsing. In a corner on a bench of wood sat the one with the dark black hood. In the corner alone the stranger did sit. It seemed to all that he did not fit As he gazed the room 'round Without ever making a sound. Goodfoote took note of the strange man Who now walked outside to a van as one embarking on a solemn mission. The Goodfoote man moved to a new position To glimpse the stranger as he disappeared from view. A feeling of oddness and de ja vu, too Settled upon Goodfoote, and he decided to leave The once-liked place in which he did now grieve. As he walked home slowly, the air seemed to ease The tightness in his chest and weakness of his knees. Inside his apartment he went gladly For he needed to rest, very badly. Sleep did come to him late that night. Dreams of the future gave him a fright. This night he would see What his future would be.

The hooded stranger stood in a churchyard While around him two specters stood guard. Awakened by the barking of a dog Goodfoote seemed to be in a fog. A good drink of brandy helped him to bed, But soon the vision was again in his head.

Three times now Goodfoote saw the same dream unfold And the images therein were as I told. The third dream was different in one way: Goodfoote was in it; it was not even day. Close by the phantom, Goodfoote then stood. Speaking not a word, he pulled back the hood Only to see his own image Cloaked in the darkness of the visage.

Beware of your own curiosity about life and death. You may discover more than you want to know or see.

Sir John's Tale-A Rather
Stinky Story of Three Warriors with Nerves
of Toilet Paper
By Jim Savell

Prologue

I would like to tell this story because of the cowardice that seems to be sweeping our nation as a whole. The silly fears in this story relate closely to the fears of society today. In 1996, we as a people are terrified to stand up for what is morally right and afraid to point out the wrong (much less fix it). I, for one, am tired of seeing this happen and hope that this satirical story of the fears of this land today will dispel cowardice among people reading it while encouraging them to stand up for what is morally right without discouraging freedom.

This whole escapade started when three warriors, all lacking the qualification of courage which would make them knights, went with Sir John of Commode to find courage and thereby restore their regularity among warriors. (And hopefully become knighted in the process.)

First, Rufus was a nice, sheltered houseplant. His mother was an orderly at a nursing home, and his father was a doctor who always insisted that cholesterol would be the downfall of man. As a child, Rufus was made to eat only vegetables for a diet and was really a weakling until he was forced into the military. Rufus then was nearly expelled out of the king's knights' apprenticeship program because he was scared to eat anything fried or anything that was in any way strange to him.

Doofus grew up in a very different condition. His family was the keeper of the den of lions for the king. This rather gruesome business taught Doofus to fear the whole feline family. This fear was the only thing that kept Doofus from graduating into the knighthood.

Last of all, Lupus grew up on a farm in his native kingdom of Soy Bean. Growing up just down the road was a lovely young lady. After the two of them were of age, they decided to go out every once in a while. They kind of liked each other but they went their separate ways. Years later at the age of twenty, Lupus married her after a reunion at a local cotton mill, but the two got divorced because he cheated on her with some woman from Bath.

Sir John's Tale

One fine day in the middle of May, four men set out on a perilous adventure from Commode of the nation of Pepto-of-the-Bismol. Sir John was the governor of Commode and resided in his castle, Port-au-Poti, and was renowned for instilling courage in young warriors, enabling them to eventually join the knighthood. This particular day, three young men named Rufus, Doofus, and Lupus had come to have each of their fears removed. Each one had a particular phobia which really was not regular for young warriors such as they.

The men set out on the journey, and after about a week's traveling, came upon the castle of Chitterlings. Rufus was deathly scared of foods he had never tried (much less heard of) so Sir John decided to reside here for a while. Queen Butter Bean was the head cheese at Chitterlings and greeted the four. Immediately she sat them down to a feast.

Rufus was beginning to look slightly green around the gills. Little did Rufus know that the food he was about to partake of would turn out to be the best he had ever eaten.

Served at this meal by the cook from Starkville, Run Down Dawg, was a smorgasbord of fine Southern cuisine. As Rufus gingerly reached for a bowl of what was brown peas, he suddenly jumped straight up out of his chair and drew his sword demanding the cook be charged with murder because the peas resembled shrunken eyeballs. After calming Rufus down, Sir John persuaded Rufus to eat a few biscuits smothered in cane syrup. Rufus indulged, and afterwards, as a laxative for his nerves and to help wash down the biscuits, Rufus helped himself to about a quart of sugar can juice. After a few days Rufus was purged of his fear and just about everything else he had eaten.

After leaving the company of Queen Butter Bean of Chitterlings, the travelers came upon another castle. This time Doofus nearly ran away because of fright. The sign over the castle gate read Felines-R-Us. Doofus was about to be dragged into the presence of what he feared the most, a kitten. A guy named Sammy Davis, Jr. met Sir John and the others at the door and welcomed them to stay. Then he took them to the king of the castle, Frank Sinatra.

Sir John told King Frank their purpose and the gracious kingpin sent the group with Dean Martin to show them to their rooms. That night as Doofus was in the tub, his worst nightmare came true. While bathing, the lights went out in the bathroom and Doofus just knew that a cat was about to attack him. When they came back on, everything was normal as far as Doofus could see. Doofus got out of the tub and dressed for bed. He slept well on his leopard skin rug all night.

The next morning, as he dressed, Doofus noted a furry being crawling up his back, but he could not reach it to remove whatever it was. When Doofus finally looked in the mirror, he discovered a cat firmly holding on to his armor. Doofus yelled and screamed but could not shake the cat off. Doofus' door was also stuck so no one could get in to help him. He eventually got well acquainted with the cat and learned not to be afraid. After all, someone had sprinkled cat nip on Doofus' armor.

After leaving Felines-R-Us, Sir John had only Lupus to deal with, but the other two insisted on staying with them on the last journey. This would be the Greatest challenge of all. To cure this problem, Sir John would have to take Lupus to a far away, yet hospitable, land called Mississippi. In this land fertile fields abounded, as well as game, and best (or worst) of all, the most beautiful women in the Universe. This was a dream come true for Sir John, Rufus, and Doofus, but Lupus was simply terrified of women. For some reason Lupus just could not infect women with the virus of love because they always seemed to be against everything he was for. (Ex. chewing tobacco, other women, loud music, line dancing, rodeos, cattle, fishing in the dark, etc.)

The four arrived in Biloxi by ship late in May and began to travel north. Then, one day in early June on a cotton plantation in Natchez, they came upon the house called Rosaliegh. Servants ran around carrying out daily chores by the endless cotton fields and stately mansion. Then the planter, Big Daddy Carlyle, came out and invited them to stay a spell at Rosaleigh with him, his wife (the Ole' Miss), and his three daughters. (All of which were very beautiful, by the way)

All four men nearly fell off their horses when his three daughters came out in the ladylike attire of the day. Lupus actually did fall off his horse while trying to make a fast getaway through the cotton field which ended his flight and knocked him unconscious. After being cared for by the Carlyle family women for nearly a month, Sir John's job was finally done and he felt the urge to go. The only problem was that the other three did not want to leave.

Five days later all three young warriors were formally married to a bride. Rufus married Jemima Smith Johnson Cooksey Carlyle, the best cook east of the Mississippi River. Doofus married Rose Carmicheal Stennis Mabus Carlyle who boasted of having twenty cats in her caretaking. Finally, Lupus found himself a cowgirl at heart. Lupus married Annie Oakley Dunigan Ross Carlyle.

Sir John felt that he had accomplished what he had set out to do, but he still wanted to know just one thing. Sir John asked the three why they were ever afraid of anything. Doofus had a bad experience with a cat, and Lupus had been deathly scared of women ever since he married some woman from Bath with a big butt and a hair-trigger temper. The only reason Lupus escaped was that he tricked her into thinking he was dead. That night after visitation at the local funeral home, Lupus said he left the coffin and locked it, presumably with him in it. She buried an empty coffin. Sir John then acted upon the urge to go, and they all lived happily ever after.

Epilogue

General Rules of Chivalry

1. Never be afraid to try new things, especially a lady's cooking.
2. A mule might run from a bumblebee, but men don't run from kittens.
3. There are no rules at all for understanding women.
4. Always watch out for those women from Mississippi!!!!!!

To My Favorite Teacher.

I do not blame him one bit, deciding to retire,
When old women come back to school, their knowledge to refire
He sure has lots of patience, on him you can depend,
For you are certain to stay in class, until the very end.

Not one paper he gives until the bell does ring,
You'll just have to stay in class until you get the thing.
Not many are late for his class, cause it's against his will.
He wishes every one on time, or he will show his--skill.

"I wonder why you're late for class," you will hear him say,
"To many times of this, will soon count up a day.
You will see rushing up the stairs, as fast as they can climb,
Here I come hobbling on, not very far behind.

One day I folled' around, came in a little late,
"What's wrong with you Mrs Graham you're late today"
"Just folling around," was all that I could say.

Every one at E.C.C.C Will miss him very much ,
Because it just takes him, to give the final touch.
An office they should give, for him to reside
There's lots and lots of questions, for young folk to confide.

L.G. 4-11-95

He's reason one that I am still here

For I never thought I would.

But he gave me thoughts to think,

That maby, I just should.

He is my favorite teacher,

And I'm sure he'll always be,

From day to day, and class to class ,

He has meant a lot to me.